

## Local Items

all About Our Town And Its People

Mrs. Bernard Lilly spent last week in Belding with her daughter, Mrs. E. L. Skabala.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Teague of Newaygo are now at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Olger, where they will remain for the winter at least. Mr. Teague will work south of Orleans next summer.

Mrs. Fred Olger returned from a visit to Newaygo where she had been called by the illness of her daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Teague and she brought them home with her.

Turkey dinner at the City Restaurant, 50 cents.—Adv.

Mrs. Chas. Phillips and daughter, Olive went to Grand Rapids Thursday.

Mrs. Eugene Benson was in Grand Rapids Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eckert returned to Seattle, Wash., Thursday morning after spending six months with their daughter, Mrs. Fimm Tuttle.

Mrs. Walter Kidd was in Grand Rapids Thursday.

Mrs. Earl Wilson was in Grand Rapids Thursday.

S. W. and W. R. Ward were in Grand Rapids Friday on business.

Mrs. Will Case spent Friday in Smyrna with friends.

Mrs. Beatrice Rising and Miss Agnes Hall left for Battle Creek on Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harlan and son Raymond were in Grand Rapids Saturday on business.

John Zuwerink was in Grand Rapids Saturday on business.

State Labor Inspector Will Foote of Grand Rapids was in the city Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. John H. Dehn and Miss Eva Hauck went to Grand Rapids Saturday on business.

Turkey dinner at the City Restaurant, 50 cents.—Adv.

Miss Iva Poulson left for Grand Rapids Saturday to visit friends.

Mrs. Mary Buehler of Grant and Mrs. Cecilia Taylor of Greenville were the Saturday and Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Smith Nichols of River Ridge.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Ford left Friday for Valparaiso.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cody were in Grand Rapids Friday on business.

Mrs. Ben Hiener left Friday morning for Grand Rapids to see her husband who is very ill at Butterworth hospital.

Miss Bessie Peterson of Smyrna was home over Sunday to visit her parents.

Misses Martha Robinson and Gladys Prong were in Battle Creek over Sunday to visit friends.

Mrs. Fred Ford of Grand Rapids has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John Denton the past week. She returned home Saturday morning.

Miss Bessie Thomas left for Grand Rapids Saturday to visit friends.

Miss Sylvia Redman left Monday for Lansing to visit her brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hawley of Collins returned to their home Monday after visiting his mother, Mrs. Hagadorn.

Turkey dinner at the City Restaurant, 50 cents.—Adv.

Mrs. Lizzie Sears of McCords returned home Monday morning after visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fayette Hoppough.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. King of Otisco enjoyed a pleasant visit Friday and Saturday with the former's daughter, Mrs. Stehen J. McDonald of Syracuse, N. Y., where Mr. McDonald has a very good position with a steam pressing concern in Syracuse.

Empress matinees hereafter on Saturdays will begin earlier than allowed the farmers a chance to see the entire entertainment. Box office open at 1 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Sower of Otisco went to Lowell Saturday morning for an over Sunday visit with their daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thompson.

After a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. King Mrs. Leonard Irish and children returned home Wednesday morning.

Turkey dinner at the City Restaurant, 50 cents.—Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Walter Knight and two children, Bruce and Jean leave for Detroit Wednesday where they will take in the big peace parade Thursday forenoon and then go to Mt. Clemens for their Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. Knight's parents. They will spend the week-end among relatives, returning the first of the week.

Mrs. George Farthing returned last week from Keyser, W. Va., where she had been called by the death of a sister. On the way home she stopped and visited another sister at Cleveland, O. Mrs. J. C. Smith of Keyser, W. Va., another sister returned here with her for an extended visit.

Turkey dinner at the City Restaurant, 50 cents.—Adv.

A divorce was granted Saturday to Edith Antcliff from George Antcliff on the grounds of extreme and repeated cruelty. Both parties hail from near Belding—Ionia Standard.

Mrs. Geo. Madden of Muskegon returned to her home after being the guest at the home of her son, Chas. Madden.

Ed. Whitford left for Grand Rapids Tuesday morning.

Miss Grace Fyfe of Grand Rapids spent the week and at the home of her friend, Miss Neva Coon.

The Empress will start their Saturday matinees early enough hereafter so as to allow all farmers who care to see the entertainment ample time to arrive home in time to get their evening chores done early. The box office will open at 1:00 o'clock. Their evening chores done early.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Stevenson of Fenwick, Mrs. Wm. Retinger and Mrs. Johnson of Greenville, Mrs. Ned Charnley of Lakeside were in town Thursday to attend the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Henry Stahlin.

Any hair or scalp trouble you may have will quickly vanish after a few days' use of Parian Hair. Write to Parian and it is guaranteed of money back if not satisfied.—adv.

"E. C. R.", "Liberty" and "Black Seal" signs will please you. Try them.—adv.

## KAISER BILL ANSWERS HIS SON'S LETTER OF COMPLAINT

THINKS AMERICAN FIGHTERS JUST HORRID FROM WAY CROWN PRINCE WROTE.

Kaiser Bill finally got around to answer the letter which the Crown Prince wrote him and which we published in this paper some weeks ago and he herewith publishes it as near as we can to the original letter.

My Dear Son: I must received your letter and it finds me sick in bed with nervousness, our family doctor has der same sickness, so day called in a Yankee prisoner voi claimed to have been a doctor in America.

I never herd a feller talk such foolishness. He told me my nervousness was caused by cold feet. I don't see how that could be, for my feet sweat terribly, anyway I told him maybe better mama should nit me der voolen socks, den he showed more ignorance by delling me dat it wouldn't do me any goot to vere voolen socks.

I vonder vot he meant, he luffed ven he told me dat. Anybody knows dat voolen socks are cold. I have heard of dot place dey call Oshkosh. It is a fiddle place in Wisconsin vit only von store and a saloon, nodding there but Indians and cowboys. Vot you tell me about dot feller saying, "to hell mit der kaiser," is awful. I vod nit believe it if it had nit been told to me by my son vod I taught to be honest like his vatter. No, mine son, I don't tink he effer read my speeches, he probably could nit read von, if he had it, for dere is only about one per cent off der Americans dat can read und dot one per cent got der education in Chermanny.

I will send you dem breast plates for der back, you did nit say how long you wanted dem. Don't you tink dey should come down about eight inches below your middle, for you can't tell vot dose uneducated Yankees vill do if your back is turned. Dey have no regards for international laws, look vot dey are doing mit our U-boats, dey sink dem without warning, und dey are so cowardly dat dey use dose shotguns. Who effer herd of a ding like dat? You can neffer drell vot dey are going to use next, von of dose loafers got into our trenches von night und killed von hundred of my brave soldiers shust to get a pair of boots dot vould fit him. Did you hear about dat?

Do you call dat fair? You neffer herd of a German doing a ting like dot. Den dey vere dose gas masks chust like dey vas afraid to show der face.

Now, be careful, mine son, ven der is any fighting keep in der rear. Did you effer find out how all dose Yankees got here? I asked von Hindenburg und he didn't seem to know. As soon as you get them all licked tell me hear from you at vonce. From your fadder,

Der Kaiser.

P. S.—Mine tear son, py de time you get dis already I vill pe somevere else yet, der devil nose vere und don't care less. Ve haf been having von hellowazeit on account of de foolish Americans dropping papers on Chermanny telling de peoples dot dey vash chust as gut as ve are. Don't dey knows any petter yet? Today vun off dem schlippery Americaners walked into Berlin und pulled our flag down unt put a ret unt white striped sheet in its place yet. He sung somedings about "Bannar" ville he was doing it und also "make dirmay tremble. Owing to de fact vich our army haas nit yet reached home, ve could nit capture him, because he slapped de policeman's faces unt made dem cry unt he got away, already. Hurry yet mit mine army unt blitzen pretty quick unt if ve can't vhip dem foolish Americaners vot don't know noddings apout var, maybe ve can hold off de folks here in Perlun untill ve vill be safed yet. Vota de matter mit de army, haf dey run out of sauerkraut? Gootbye.

Fadder.

"AMERICA'S ANSWER"

COMING TO EMPRESS

It took months to prepare the way for General Pershing's army in France, and for months the world wondered what America was doing. The Macedonian cry for help was being answered by some troops before the place was ready to receive the two million who finally went across. Many people in this country wondered what the government was doing all that time, but if they see "America's Answer," the big official war film, they will readily understand what was going on.

This film, which will be shown at the Empress theater on Tuesday, December 10, one day only, covers the ground of preparation for the receipt of the troops in France thoroughly. It shows you the railroads, the docks, the warehouses, the refrigerating plants and other necessary buildings which the government had to have in France before it was safe in sending our troops over there by the boatload.

It shows these things in the making and then gives you a glimpse of the battlefield itself, under fire, when the American troops make a daylight raid upon the Germans. More troops going into action supported by tanks swarm right in front of you in the screen and those who had boys on the front line can almost live out their description as they watch the film go by on the canvas.

"America's Answer," explaining as it does just what the government did to make the army safe and healthful, is the best answer to the question many are asking now, "What happened to make the Kaiser quit so suddenly?" When you see what Uncle Sam had done "over there" to back up and protect his men in khaki, you will not wonder—except to wonder why Germany didn't quit sooner.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our friends for the many acts of kindness during the sickness and death of our dear mother.

J. W. Stahlin and wife.

E. M. Stahlin and wife.

Mrs. Kate Stammen.

Mrs. J. O. Brown.

## CORP. BAILEY ONE OF FIRST TO GO GETS SLIGHT WOUND

(Continued From Page One.)

ones left in the company from Belding now; the rest of them have been over the top and chasing the Hun and the boys have been giving them a good time.

It will be a grand and glorious day when peace has been declared.

We have lots to eat and a good place to sleep and rats to entertain us at night so we get along fairly well.

My candle just went out and I had to get another one from the supply sergeant and darn near broke my neck going down the ladder but I guess I will be o. k. to do a little double timing tomorrow.

One fellow from the billet I roost in said he would walk on his hands to the port and row a boat across the pond if peace was declared and they would let him go, so you can see how much he loves France and we all side in with him.

Some of the bugs in the States are getting hoarse shouting "No peace." I wish they had to come over here and go through the hell that is being dished out and then see what their biggest howl would sound like.

I have seen hospital trains coming from the front and it is beyond me to describe the condition some of the boys are in. They go up there with a smile and come back with a leg gone or an arm or a bullet hole somewhere or gassed and a hard sullen look on their faces; any man who could look on that and say they didn't want peace is not human.

I have seen the supreme price that boys are paying at the front.

This country shows what four years of war can do, only women and old men left to do the work in the fields and the younger women show the effect of what the war has done for them. They nearly all look like women past middle age and old men.

Black about all you see here and it is the same all over the country; it seems that some one out of nearly every family has been killed and it will be years before France even starts to be what she was.

I'll have to hurry and finish before this candle dies out so will close hoping these few lines will find you all well. Love from your son,

Corp. Geo. Trimble.

Co. B, 340th Inf., A. E. F., France.

Oct. 21, 1918.

Dear Father and Mother:

Received your welcome letter on the 20th and will do my best to answer it.

Everything is old fashioned over here; the French people do believe in advancing, I guess.

The buildings are built of lime stone and plaster with slate or tile roofs, all braces and joists are hewed, about the only place they used any nails was on the slate roof, wooden pegs were used freely, the floors are made of tile, the upper floors are also tile and a building has to have some good timber in them to hold the weight.

The buildings have been built for some time as the roofs are wavy caused by the immense weight of the tile. I still have my first wooden building to see in France.

Limestone is plentiful here; how the farmers make a living is a secret I guess as stone is all you can see, yet they raise their hay and grain, scattering the seed by hand; they only plow a four inch furrow as it would be impossible to go deeper.

It can be plainly seen why the people of this country can go to America and get rich off a small piece of land as an American farmer can raise as much on one acre as a Frenchman can on two acres here, therefore, consequently, hence.

The people here are also old fashioned, wooden shoes are worn by nearly all and they sound like a pacer on a pavement when walking down the road. Sidewalks are entirely out of the question. They are so used to walking in the road they wouldn't know what a walk was for anyway; when they meet a muddy place they go right through like a mud scow and never notice it.

When the fellows get back home they will scorn a walk or pavement and will use the alleys where the mud is the deepest just from force of habit.

When they have market day here, there will be four or five wagons draw up and spread canvass covers and then pile all their goods on tables and the big show is on; it lasts as long as there are buyers and then pack up and move to the next town; it is real exciting; you wouldn't know they were here if you didn't happen to look around the corner and see them in the road.

About the only thing a fellow can buy in these small towns is wine and rum and about every other door is a wine shop; their white wine is like vinegar and their red wine puckers a fellow up it is so bitter yet some of the fellows drink it and call it good but I don't think I will form any bad habits from the use of it, the only time a fellow can drink it and call it good is when he is drunk and then he isn't responsible.

They can all say they like France and want to stay here that want to but the little old U. S. A. looks pretty good to your truly and I won't lose any time in getting there once I am turned loose.

Well, I will have to quit for this time; will write again soon.

Write often and don't always wait for an answer.

Lovingly, your son,

Corp. George Trimble.

Co. B, 340th Inf., A. E. F., France.

Mrs. George W. Kingsbury recently received the following letter from her son, Elmer, who is with the U. S. army in Russia. This is the first letter from any of our local boys in Russia and is very interesting as he tells of conditions up there.

Oct. 4, 1918.

Dear Mother and all—Just a few lines to let you know where I am at. I am in Archangel, Russia, some country, believe me. It has been raining every day with a little snow mixed in so that it is pretty cold and awful muddy. Just got off of guard.

I don't suppose that you will get this much before Christmas and it may be the last letter you will get in a long time for it will be freezing up so that we can't get any mail, but don't worry as I am feeling fine and hope you are the same.

I have not received any mail since I left France, but expect to get it some time.

Everything is awful high here. You can't get to buy cigarettes or tobacco at all, but those are issued to us so that is all O. K. I sold a can of tobacco for \$2.50 today. You can buy a steak, potatoes and coffee for \$1.25.

Well, mother, I guess that I will close for this time as this is all the paper I have, so goodbye with love and kisses to you all,

Elmer.

Charley Cowles, a brother of Earl and a son of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Cowles writes another excellent letter to his parents, which is as follows:

Base Hospital, 88, A. P. O. 714, Oct. 17, 1918.

Dear Ones at Home:

A few lines in answer to your welcome letter that reached me some time ago while at the front. Don't think because I am at the hospital that I am hurt, I only swallowed a little too much gas and the doctor sent me down here for a little vacation. The vacation isn't half bad only the time goes by so slowly. But I'll be back with the outfit before long. It's like leaving home when a fellow gets back away from his battery. But at that I don't say much as this is the first time that I have slept where I couldn't look up and count the stars or swear a little about the rain in six months, so here is taking on some sleep.

Oct. 18.—I will finish this letter now and see if I can't beg an envelope of one of the boys here. I am feeling some better today. The doctor is spraying my throat twice a day with some kind of liquid. They don't seem to think seriously of my case, so I hope I'll be o. k. again in a short time.

I will tell you how I happened to get gassed. You see we were pushing Fritz back in a sector where he had lots of supplies and he was putting up all the resistance possible to delay the game in his favor. On the night of Oct. 12 he gave us a taste of gas, at least he fired gasshells in our position for about three hours. But we all put on our masks and let him pound away, then the next morning he gave us another little barrage of high explosives, some of his shells were striking uncomfortably close to us and then he began mixing in a mustard oil Solgue shells, gas shells and one of those burst directly under the gun I was operating and we received considerable gas before we could get our masks on. But just then we didn't notice any effect on us and I guess anybody that's been at the front has swallowed lots of gas.

Well, this night we moved our position and I guess Fritz must have got wise for he poured gas shells into the road all night causing just a little confusion as we had a caisson of ammunition upset and a few other little misfortunes and we also got a little more gas there so by the time it all began to work it was a little more than I wanted to pack off and do duty at the same time. That's the extent of his gas, there wasn't any of us got enough to hurt us to any great extent. It just makes a fellow feel mighty uncomfortable for a few days. Well so much for the war.

I may have a chance to hunt Earl up before I go back to the battery. I can't gain much information here. I only think that 712 isn't very far from here. The papers are looking forward for an early peace, but I guess that's hard to tell. Oh I am going to tell you that I mailed a Christmas poster to you but there isn't a thing I need; about the only thing that money can't buy over here is a good pocket knife. Well I guess that I will have to leave this for tonight as I am very tired now and can't get an envelope.

Oct. 19.—Well, I will try to finish this letter this afternoon. I managed to get an envelope of one of the boys. I am feeling some better today although my throat and lungs remain pretty sore.

I wish I knew Capt. Willfred Houghes P. O. number, I might be able to find him. You know whom I refer to, Cousin Edith's husband from Battle Creek. You wrote me that he was a captain of some medical unit here. Send me mail to the battery same as always for I expect to be back there again soon. I don't know when I will be able to find material for another letter so don't worry if you don't hear from me for a while. Hoping to hear from you soon and to be able to see the folks again in the old home town before long, with my best love to all, as ever your soldier boy.

Chief Mech. Battery B, A. E. F., France, A. P. O. 740.

Corporal Charles King, son of Mrs. Charles Warner, of East Congress street, writes the following letters to his mother. Charley has been in the hospital for some time now and is gaining right along.

Oct. 6, 1918.

Dear Ones at Home:

Will drop you a few lines to let you know I am feeling fine and having the best of everything there is to have here in the hospital as I am up and running around a little.

Mother, there was a bunch of tickled boys here last night when we got the paper that stated about the Central powers wanting peace but one can never tell over here as we see and hear so much stuff but we are all living in hopes that it is true and by what the paper states they are doing some hard driving up on the front. And I know they are for I have been through some of it myself and do not care for much more of it either.

I visited the town of Nantes Saturday and believe me it is some town, looks more like an American town than any other place I have been in in France.

How are the little girls getting on now and is Frank working yet or has the new draft caught him. I hope not for Ma, he is not strong enough and could not stand it.

There is so much I would like to tell you but it is impossible to do so now but do not think it will be long now by the way things look before we can all be together again anyway let's hope so.

Well, Mother, I will close with lots of love to all. Hoping to hear from you soon.

Cpl. Chas. King, Co. D, 126th Inf., A. E. F.

Oct. 18, 1918.

Dear Ones at Home:

Well, Dear Mother, I will drop you a few more lines today as I am feeling fine and have nothing else to do at present.

Mother, I am sending you a slip so you can send me a little box for Christmas.

Mother, the best box that you could send me that I know of would be some Camel cigarettes and if Frank has not changed his mind about the wrist watch he said he would send me this fall it would be most appreciated by me for a fellow in the trenches likes to know what time it is some times. There is no telling where I will be at Christmas time and I believe the Camels would come in better than luxuries don't you think so?

Mother, how is every one feeling at home and what is Frank doing now? I would like to send you something from here but do not think I can but maybe I can get a Boche helmet when I get back to the front again and if I can I am going to send one home to you.

Well, dear, I must close as it is getting late. From your loving son and brother to all.

Cpl. Chas. King.

I am still in hospital.

Chaplain Tells of Soldier's Death. John Reynolds has received the following copy of a letter which his daughter received from the chaplain of the regiment which her son, Ralph E. Gerred, belonged to and which shows that our boys are well cared for when death has come to them and that they are not left to the beasts of the earth to feed upon. The letter is as follows:

France, Aug. 13, 1918.

My Dear Mrs. Gerred:

It is my duty to inform you of the sad fact, yet a fact of which you cannot but be proud, that you have given a son in the service of our country.

Pvt. Ralph E. Gerred was drowned yesterday while bathing, his death being in the line of duty.

I wish that I might see you in order to press your hand while speaking the sorrowful words, then I would also tell you how proud we all were of our comrade and how deeply we all share in your grief.

He was interred this afternoon with full military honors and with reverent Christian burial in village churchyard. One of his comrades who is gifted with the brush prepared a beautiful cross to mark the grave, painting it artistically and of course marking it with the name of the regiment and date while Batteries D and C both purchased (I hardly see how they got flowers in this war swept region) exquisite wreaths and the French Mairie and some of the citizens who recently returned from flight added bouquets to adorn the resting place of one who had helped to render their homes habitable once again. No soldier ever rested amid fairer surroundings and none was ever laid to rest with affections.

Your other son, Elton, is not many miles from here today, but owing to the difficulty of communicating and to his duties, it was impossible for us to secure his presence. He will be notified of the event.

While I may not state the name of the village you can secure it from Graves Registration Service, A. E. F. Your son's resting place is within the church yard and the grave counting from south to north is No. 7. An identification tag is buried with the body and the companion tag is nailed to the marker cross.

Sincerely, Rev. Frederick M. Cutler, Chaplain.

It is hard to have entire faith in the superiority of mind over matter, when a day laborer can get twice as much pay as a school teacher.

Styleplus Suits

Croft & Knapp Hats

Boy's Suits

Gloves

Neckwear

Shirts

Collar Bag

Hosiery

Shoes

Belts

Sweaters

Bath Robes

Traveling Bags

The Government requests that you do your Christmas shopping early as possible.

Styleplus Overcoats

El Capitan Caps

Boy's O'Coats

Hosiery

Handkerchiefs

Underwear

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